The Walking Dead In The Mist

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The Walking Dead In The Mist

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will has found his way out of a forest after dissociating again, but then he meets a zombie dressed in a suit. Oddly enough, he manages to run past him, but the zombie scratches him. This has some fatal consequences. Will turns into a zombie.

Will stepped out of the forest and took a deep gulp of the fresh forest air. All tension seeped out of his muscles. He took a minute to relax, even though an icy wind made him shudder. He needed a short reward that he made it out of the forest just before darkness set in. He had managed it, despite waking up from his disorientated state and not knowing where he was. A raven, sitting on top of a tree, cried.

His eyes flickered over the evergreen meadow unfolding in front of him. Mist whirled up from the ground and bathed the emerald meadow in a thick fog. The dead bare trees to his left didn't make it any better.They seemed to watch him when he continued his walk. His hair on his neck stood up. Except for the crunching of his boots and the harsh cries of the crows, silence reigned.

Shit, that was creepy.

Will remembered that he should call Matthew to tell him one needn't worry. He fetched the iPhone from his pocket, but the screen was black. Battery had gone empty.That was bad. “I’m fucked”, Will murmured to himself. With every step the fog grew thicker.

It got so bad that Will couldn’t see anything except his own hand. What the fuck? His heartbeat gained rapid speed. Sweat covered his hands.No, it couldn’t end like this.He needed to get out of the fog and tell Matthew that he was sorry for running away. That he would make it up. Will tried to shake his fear off and forced his aching limbs to walk on. “I can do this',” he said to himself, gritting his teeth.

Heavy, slow footsteps made him stop in his tracks. Simon recognised the silhouette of someone coming closer through the fog.

What the fuck?

It couldn’t be..?

Surely not..

The silhouette grew sharper. Will’s worries got confirmed.

Yes. It was a fucking zombie. Wondering if he had another delusion, Will blinked a few times but it wasn’t a hallucination.

It was a tall man with a ghastly white, face smeared with black stains of blood and cold maroon eyes with a tinge of crimson red. Ash blonde -grey bangs fell loosely over his forehead. The sharp cheekbones stood out. In fact, Will found that this zombie looked quite pretty. He wore a brown herringbone suit which had surely looked impeccable when he was alive. Now it was ragged,torn and filthy. Blood stains and holes graced his suit.

The zombie smiled. “Hello Will," he said. “Are you lost?”

Why did the zombie know his name? Will grabbed his smartphone, which was now useless anyway and kept it in front of his body as a threat. He didn’t have a knife or any other sharp weapon at hand but this would have to do.The zombie came closer, cocked his head and smiled creepily at him, reaching out his hand, stinking of death.

“Stay away from me,” Will snarled, his blue eyes flashing up. “I don't know why you know me but I-I’m going to kill you if I have to,” he shouted, sounding more confident than he was. He didn’t have a gun with him.Will looked to the right and left but there was no other zombie.Yet.

The zombie cocked his head to the side and just stared at him, as if he thought about something. He surely wasn’t impressed with Will’s threat.

Will held the curious gaze, while working his brain for a solution. If he could outrun the zombie, he would be able to make it and ask for help in Wolf Trap,Virginia.

He had seen enough zombie movies. Time was important. Waiting in paralysis wasn’t a good idea. The zombie halted as if he sensed Will’s thoughts.

3...2...1.

Go.

And Will ran.

He darted forward and hit the bloodied chest of the zombie with his head. Surprised, the zombie stumbled back. But his sharp claws on his fingers cut through Will's jacket at his right hip.Will shoved the zombie aside and kept running, ignoring the scratch.

Will kept running, even though everything hurt.

He ran as fast as his legs could. The cold air stung in his face. He didn't look back. But he found it odd that the zombie didn't follow him.

Ensuring that his follower had given up, Will finally slowed down and looked to where his feet had carried him. The fog had lifted too. He had reached the crossroad he knew would lead to Wolf Trap Virginia. Will took the right one and pushed on. Rain poured down on the streets. His green jacket was soaked. In the distance saw some bright lights coming out of houses.

The houses were like a lighthouse comforting sailors on the sea. Tears of relief washed over Will's face. Will was close to home.Just two miles and he would be reunited with Matthew.He could use a warm meal and a shower too. His whole body shivered; his green jacket was drenched from the rain.

When he was about to collapse in the cold rain and his strength was about to give out, Will arrived at his home. The golden light seeping out of the living room comforted him. His pack of dogs barked and Will had to smile.All the fear, all the tension and anxiety seeped out of his body.

He knocked. It took a moment before Matthew opened the door. He gazed at Will with furrowed brows and concerned eyes "Where the fuck have you been?" He hissed, barely concerning his anger. His blue-grey eyes showed possessiveness. Will swallowed. "I-I'm sorry, my phone battery ran out." Matthew scoffed. He yanked at Will's curls and dragged him into the room. "Hey, there's no need for that," Will spat back. He straightened his upper body. Matthew slapped Will's face with the flat of his hand. Then he punched his nose. Blood seeped out. "Do you think this is funny?" Matthew yelled.

Defeated, Will lowered his head and leaned back against the wall, soaking the wall with his wet jacket. Fuck. He should have just let the zombie kill him.

"I'm..s-sorry,"Will muttered, breaking out into a feigned sob, knowing it would placate him.

As predicted, Matthew soon regained his composure again, pleased with Will's submission. He took a handkerchief and dabbed away the blood seeping out of Will's nose. Matthew touched the nose and found it was not broken.

“Oh my darling,” Matthew spoke in a more gentle voice. He examined it with gentle touches. “But in your state you shouldn’t be wandering outdoors alone. Until the encephalitis is under control.”

Will nodded, biting his lips. “I-It was a mistake to go out alone.”

Matthew hummed, pleased with the answer. “Should I take off your coat? You’re going to catch a cold with that wet jacket on.”

He took off the field jacket and hung it on the wooden rack to dry.

“Why don’t you take a shower while I make dinner? ” Matthew suggested. Now he was the most amiable person again. Will hated the honeyed tone and innocent look.

“Oh yeah, I’m starved”, Will answered automagically. He was relieved to get away from his volatile boyfriend. Winston nuzzled his feet, probably to comfort him. “Hello Winston,” Will said, instantly feeling better at the touch of the wet snout.

“I thought you wanted to get a shower,” Matthew remarked, watching him from the kitchen with attentive eyes. He was calm, but silent, unspoken disapproval lingered in the room. Will instantly let go of Winston. “Y-yeah.”

Will turned away from the dog who whined in displeasure, and hastily climbed up the stairs to head into the bathroom. He shut the door before Winston could follow him. Will tossed his wet flannel and beige pants to the floor and entered the stand-in shower. Will gasped as the water burned on his hip.. He stilled, then examined the wound.

Will realised that the zombie must have cut him as he had rushed past him. It wasn’t that deep, he would be able to fix this, but the colour of the slash wound worried him.The blood mixing with the water was as charcoal as the night. It resembled black ink.

Paralysed, Will stood there for a few minutes. Should he tell Matthew? His hunch told him not to do so.

After finishing the shower, Will stepped out, dried his upper torso before shifting attention back to his hip and the ominous slash again. From the white shelf next to the mirror, he withdrew a medical kit. He opened the zip of the green bag and withdrew bandaids, ointment and disinfectant and shifted his attention back to the wound. Now that he was dry, the blood thickened and lingered around the slash. It was thick and gooey now. And around the wound his skin, usually rosy from the heat of the water, had turned white.

Will stared and stared but the skin didn’t turn back to normal.

“Will, are you done?” Matthew called, impatient. “The chili is ready.”

“Coming,” Will shouted. He tore himself free from his paralysis and hurried in disinfecting the slash wound at his hip following around his abdomen.

Having forgotten to fetch a pile of fresh clothes, he hurried downstairs with a towel wrapped around his lower abdomen. Some drops still dripped from his upper body. He opened the

drawer in the living room next to the piano, fetched a shirt and grey boxers. Matthew narrowed his eyes at the sight but didn't say anything.

Will sat down on the bed to eat. Matthew sat on the plus armchair. He watched Will attentively as he took bite after bite from the chili con carne. He didn't know why but there was not enough meat in the dish. Matthew should have used more meat, Will thought. Noticing his stare, Will looked up and tried to fake a smile . "It's really good", Will said.

Matthew smiled. "You should know by now. It's my grandma's recipe. Perfected over the years-,"

"But you could have added some more meat,"Will noticed grumpily.

Hearing his abrasive comment, Matthew's smile disappeared from his face and the menacing predatory expression made a reappearance.

The younger man stood up. "How dare you?" Matthew hissed. He snatched the half eaten bowl out of Will's hands. "What's the fucking matter with you?"

Will curled his hands into fists. His nails dug deep into his palm of flesh. Anger at being robbed of his food filled him. A dark urge coiled up within him. His instinct told him to eat raw from Matthew's flesh.

"I always use a good pound of the best beef!" Matthew shouted angrily. "How dare you criticise me!"

Will stood up from the bed. "So what?" He shouted, reaching for the plate Matthew carried in his hands. "Give that back to me,"he snarled.

"No!" Matthew said and took a step back. "Don't you dare talk to me like that!"

A feral guttural noise came out of Will's mouth.He dashed forward and surprised Matthew. They struggled for the plate. It fell out of Matthew's hands and it burst into thousands of shards.

The half-eaten chili spilled over the floor. The dogs, that have watched the scene from their dog beds, barked and whined anxiously.

Gnarling, Will slammed the younger man against the wall behind the armchair and reached for this throat. Matthew looked up in horror. He tried to kick him away, but Will was stronger.

Kill. Eat.Kill.Eat.

He could only think about killing and eating his flesh.Matthew's face paled, as Will continued to cut off his airway. One of the dogs brushed against his legs and bit into his leg but Will didn't care.

Without thinking, he sank his teeth without further into Matthew's throat.

“ARRRGH,” Matthew gurgled. Dark crimson blood flowed out of his ripped throat and sprayed to the wall and to Will’s chest. Matthew grew limp, his head lolled to the left. Will ripped piece after piece of his vocal chords, of his trachea, then savagely nibbled on his shoulder.

When he had satisfied his hunger, he let go of the younger man and tossed him to the ground.

Panting heavily,Will slumped to the floor.

The blood rush abated as quickly as it had seized him. Confusion and horror overwhelmed him.

“W..what have I done?” Will muttered to himself, eying the mutilated corpse of his dead boyfriend resting in a puddle of blood next to him.It wasn’t that Mathew hadn’t deserved punishment, but this had gone too far.

Will gaped at his hands.All colour had gone except for the blood stains from the murder which had turned black. Panicking, Will rose again and ran up to the bathroom to look into the mirror to notice that his face had turned ghostly pale. His eyes were blood-shot now.

Will unwrapped the bandaid of his body to notice that also his abdomen looked ghostly pale. The wound had closed but it was a charcoal line on his hip.

A shudder overcame him.The image of the zombie with the ash blonde hair, frayed suit and black blood painted on his face and hands appeared in front of his eyes. The realisation made Will cough and empty the content of his stomach into the sink. He straightened his body, cleaned the sink with a cloth, rinsed it and left the bathroom.

He was turning into a fucking zombie and was damned to live for eternity as undead.

Once he had returned to his main room downstairs, he poured himself a glass of whiskey and settled on his bed, not wanting to clean up the mess right now.He drank it up but he didn’t taste anything. Will pulled up his legs to his chest and stared at the floor.

The door creaked and opened. Will jerked again, his eyes darting to the porch.With bated breath he watched how a man, who looked terribly familiar, stepped into the room.

It was the mysterious zombie man from the misty meadow outside Wolf Trap.This time he wore a clean, brand-new, dark blue suit with a matching paisley tie and a white shirt beneath the jacket. Nothing would have suggested that he was a zombie except for the exceptionally white face and the bags underneath his eyes.

He carried the same self-satisfied, smug expression on his face which he wore when he allowed Will to pass.

“You”, Will scoffed bitterly and shot a dark glare at him. But he didn’t have the strength to fight with a fellow zombie man. “What do you want? Why did you do this?”

“I wanted to help you,” the man spoke. His voice was a little rough from disuse.

“Help me?” Will laughed in disbelief. “You turned me into a fucking zombie.”

His visitor pointed to the bloodied corpse of Matthew still resting on the floor.

Will narrowed his eyes.

“You have been watching us?” He asked incredulously.

The man nodded. “For a few days already.”

“Well, thank you for helping me...but you could have just killed him without harming me,”Will said accusingly.

“Do you have a name?”

“Hannibal,” the zombie man answered.

“I’m Will as you know.”

"Yes, I know,” the zombie answered pensively. “Will Graham.”

“Why do you know me?”

“I've read about you. A pleasure to meet you again. Your mind precedes your reputation.”

“Wel yeah. I'm famous. Everyone knowss as the guy with encephalitis who didn’t kill the Hobbs girl", Will spat.

Hannibal merely smiled at that in amusement. “I find that interesting.”

Will let you a derogative scoff.

“May I?” Hannibal asked and pointed at the corpse on the floor. “I haven’t had a bite all day.”

Will’s lips twitched. “Do what you have to do. But don’t you dare to touch my dogs.”

The former agent watched, partly fascinated, partly appalled, how Hannibal made short work of the internal organs. He slurped the intestines like spaghetti. Soon, the body was emptied. Only bones and body fluid remained.

Satisfied, Hannibal straightened, wiped away the blood from his lips and looked at Will.

“May I sit down?”

Will bobbed his head curtly and pointed to the spot on the bed next to him.

“It’s a bit messy here right now ”, Will said drily.

Hannibal smirked. After washing his hands at the sink, he flung himself on the bed next to Will.

“Are you angry with me?” Hannibal asked, when Will still didn’t look at him. “For offering you a path to freedom?”

Will heaved a sigh, then shifted his gaze from his dogs to Hannibal. “I am grateful that you killed him. He was a little piece of shit.” He paused. “But you took the decision to choose what I want from me. Now I have to eat human flesh forever.”

“I didn’t want to kill you as I found you interesting so I had to do it”, Hannibal admitted. “I like you very much, and didn’t want to be alone anymore in this world.”

A sad but understanding smile slipped on Will’s face. Well, whatever. It would be best to accept his new life and his companion. He dragged his body over to Hannibal and flung his arm around the other man’s waist and rested his head on his clammy chest.

“Well...now you have me,” Will replied thoughtfully, peeking up at Hannibal.

“Forever.”

Hannibal let out a guttural purr, nosed Will’s damp, auburn curls, then pulled a blanket around them both.

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